

## **Chief Hopper by Gabberz123**

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**Summary:** Hopper realizes he can't hide his feelings from Joyce anymore. (Awful summary, there's smut.)

## Chief Hopper

**Okay so I literally haven't written fanfiction in almost 4 years so this is kind of a big deal for me. S/O to Stranger Things for inspiring me again and if David Harbour is possibly creeping on this website looking for fanfiction to read then he can hit me up.**

During their high school years you could always find Joyce and Hopper glued to each others side. Even when Hop was screwing all of the girls on the cheerleading team, he always managed to find his way back to Joyce. They finally decided at junior prom to make it official and from that point onward they were practically destined to be together for life...at least that's what everyone else had thought. It wasn't until the end of their senior year that Joyce decided to end it and soon after she could be seen with Lonnie Byers.

Hopper told himself that he would be fine, the Vietnam War was going on and he would be drafted and would finally be away from this small town and from Joyce. After the war ended and he returned home he always told himself that he was happy, always tried to convince himself that everything was alright. And for a while everything was alright...until he lost Sarah. He couldn't handle the pain of losing his daughter. He couldn't handle his wife sobbing at all hours of the day, asking him to hold her and console her. He couldn't handle the way his mind would play back the last moments of his daughter's life- a tube shoved down her throat and being in pain with every breath she managed to take.

So that's why he moved backed to Hawkins. Hawkins had been filled with both good and bad memories for him but it was where home was. It was where Joyce was. Hop thought that if he could just be in the same vicinity as her that maybe he could learn to be happy again. Except he never got the courage to talk to her. He would see brief glimpses of her at her job or while walking her kids through town but something would always stop him. Maybe it was the fact that she looked completely different than she had in high school; beaten down, almost like a walking corpse. Or maybe it was the fact that she had moved on from him and probably didn't even remember the love they once had together.

That's why he was so shocked to see her in his office the day that Will went missing. This small, fragile woman was still able to break him down even after all these years. He could see the faint spark in her every time she called him "Hop" or every time he pissed her off. Each time her nostrils would flare or she would say his name it only reminded him of the times when he would pin her against the wall and kiss her when they were teenagers. Hopper always had a protective nature when it came to her back then and each time he's with her it only confirms that that has never gone away.

After they found Will in that godforsaken place he told himself to leave her alone; that she only needed him to find her son and she probably didn't want anything else to do with him. Flo came into his office several days later to tell him that Joyce was coming down to the station to fill out paperwork- just the standard forms you have to fill out when your missing child is actually in a completely different dimension. So when he heard a knock on his office door he was surprised to see her standing there fidgeting with the purple sweater she was wearing.

"Joyce..." said Hop, immediately standing up and letting his chair scrape across the floor.

"I don't mean to bother you. I just wanted to say...well I guess...um. I'm sorry, I don't really know how to thank the man that helped you bring your son back from an alternate dimension. It all seems made up in a way." Joyce said, intensely staring at a spot on the floor so as not to make eye contact with him.

Hop smiled, "I wish I could say I was just doing my job but usually this job doesn't involve that."

There was a brief moment of silence between them where they both didn't want to say what was on their minds. Hopper took this time to take her in, noticing how much healthier and happier she looked. In the week that Will was missing it seemed as though she had lost all of the weight on her body and it was nice to see that she was gaining it back. She looked good...she looked like...his Joyce.

"Why have you been avoiding me?"

He wouldn't have caught the question if the room hadn't been dead silent. The look on her face showed that she didn't really mean to say that out loud. She chanced a glance up at him and he took pride in the way her cheeks turned pink once she caught him staring at her. He proceeded to walk around his desk so that he could close the door behind her, and pulled up a chair for her to sit in, which she gladly took. After she settled in he knelt down in front of her and gently took her hand in his.

"I don't know how to say this without coming off as a complete idiot", Hopper said.

"You never were very good with words when we were younger." Joyce said with a smile gracing her lips.

Hop laughed, "That's only because you're so beautiful that I always preferred to make out with you over having intimate conversations like this."

It wasn't until Joyce squeezed his hand a little tighter that he realized what he had said. "You still think I'm beautiful?"

Hopper considered his choices. He could say yes and hope that she could see passed his faults and hopefully care about him again. Or he could say he respected and loved her as a friend and they could forget about all of this. He looked back into her eyes and instead of finding them looking into his own he found them staring at his lips.

"Oh fuck it." And he lunged for her, grazing his fingers along her neck as his lips dove in for hers. She gasped in surprise and he took advantage of her open mouth to gently flick his tongue against hers. Joyce quickly came to her senses and start kissing him back, wrapping her legs around him in the process. Hopper caught on and grabbed ahold of her, flipping them around so that he was sitting in the chair and she was straddling his waist. Joyce grabbed ahold of his hair and pulled slightly until he gave a small moan.

As soon as he started moving her hips against his she broke away and pushed at his chest. Hopper stared at her, pupils blown wide in lust and hair sticking up in every direction from having her hands run through it.

"Wait, wait. I'm not...we can't...I'm not having myself just be another one of your one night stands, do you understand me?" Joyce said breathlessly.

Hop blinked a couple times and licked his lips. "What makes you think this is just going to be a one-time deal, Joyce? If I remember correctly, it was never just a one and done situation for us back in the day."

"But this isn't back in the day Hop, this is now. I have boys to take care of, I can't be sneaking over to your place for a quick fuck or having you sneak in the back door while my kids are asleep."

Joyce's eyes were searching his face for any indication that he might be grasping what she was saying. Hop sighed and ran his hand over his face while he kept his other hand on her waist, desperate for any sort of contact with her. "Joyce, you're not like those other women I've been with-" at her eye roll he moved his hand to her lips to stop her from saying anything. "That's not a line, I genuinely mean that. I understand that you have your boys to think of before you jump into any relationship and I know that I'm probably not the best choice out of all the other men in town, but if you'd be willing to give us another try I would-", he couldn't finish his sentence because Joyce was kissing him again and smiling against his lips.

"You're so stupid, Hop. You saved my son's life and you still think you aren't the greatest man in the world to me." Joyce said in between kisses.

Hopper felt himself getting choked up over her words, but instead of reaching for his pills as he usually did to numb his emotions, he reached for her instead, wrapping his arms around her and kissing her until they were both breathless.

"Do you have anywhere to be within the next hour or so?" Hop spoke against her lips, hoping to God that she would say no.

"I have to pick the boys up from school in half an hour, can you make it quick?" Joyce started moving her hips against his again, sliding her hands into the shirt of his uniform.

Hopper growled and stood up, Joyce clinging to him, and swiped all of the paperwork off his desk before laying her down on top of it. "I'll be quick if you can be quiet. I don't really feel like having Flo barge in here while I'm fucking you senseless."

Joyce started to remove his shirt from him and he quickly divested himself of it while she threw her sweater to the other side of the room. Hopper worked on her jeans as she worked on his belt, sliding his pants down far enough so that she could get to what she really wanted. Hop stilled as she slid her hand into his boxer-briefs, starting to gently thrust into her hand as she worked him up and down. When she continued to do this, he stopped her, groaning as he removed her hand from him.

"No time..." He gasped out, "Continue that later."

He helped her shimmy out of her jeans and he took a moment to stare at her, laying on his desk in nothing but her bra and panties. "Jesus Joyce, this is something out of a fantasy for me." He was pleased to see that the blush on her cheeks also continued all the way down her body. Hopper slowly removed her bra so that he could finally see her breasts for the first time in over 20 years. Joyce flushed at his sound of approval and pulled him to her, running her hands along his arms as he bent over her.

Hopper leaned over and pulled a condom out of the top drawer of his desk. At Joyce's raised eyebrow he shook his head. "I promise I've never done it here before, just be thankful I have a condom." She let out a laugh at this and he smiled while he rolled the condom onto his length. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Joyce tossing her panties near where she threw her sweater.

His hand trailed up her thigh and slowly found its way to her opening. He was happy to find that she was just as ready for him as he was for her. As soon as his fingers penetrated her, Joyce gasped and sat up, pulling him closer to her in the process. "Hop, please. We can do that later. I need you now."

Hopper moaned and started kissing her again as he lined himself up at her entrance and started pushing in, groaning at how tight she was. Joyce fell back against his desk, running her hands through her

own hair and trying to keep her moans under control even though all she wanted to do was scream out. He noticed this and brought his fingers up to her mouth, trying to keep his own groans under control as she immediately started sucking on them.

Hopper stood up a little bit and brought his other hand down to start rubbing her clit, knowing they didn't have much time. He gave a slight chuckle at Joyce's squeal of delight and immediately started thrusting into her faster. Joyce removed his fingers from her mouth and started whispering different variations of his name. He groaned under his breath when she raked her fingernails down his chest.

Joyce then stopped him, pushing him away and they both gasped when he slipped out of her. Hop looked up at her confused until she jumped down from his desk and bent over it instead. He smiled and ran his hands over her ass as he slid back into her. Both of them gasped as he was able to thrust even deeper into her from this angle. Joyce started to say his name like a mantra and Hop could feel her already clenching around him. He wanted this to last longer but knew that he would have to save that for another time.

"C'mon Joyce, baby. Let go, honey. Give it to me." Hopper whispered in her ear and Joyce reached for his hand and grasped onto it like it was her only lifeline. A couple thrusts later and she gave a soft whine while she clenched down around his cock like a vice.

Hopper grabbed onto her hips and started pounding into her, hearing nothing but the blood pounding in his ears until he heard her gasp, "Chief Hopper." His hips stuttered for a moment, hearing his title roll off her tongue. Joyce looked back over her shoulder and gave him a smile, knowing how he loved whenever people called him Chief.

"Oh fuck, say it again." Hop moaned out.

"Fuck me, Chief Hopper. Come for me." Joyce replied, starting to roll her hips with each thrust.

Hopper should've been embarrassed with how quickly he came, but all he could think of was that Joyce was under him and he was definitely living out a couple of his own fantasies. He quickly stuck an arm out so that he wouldn't crush Joyce under him while she laid

her head back down against his desk, breathing heavily. Hop gently slid out of her, both of them groaning at the feeling, and fell back into the chair they previously vacated. He quickly disposed of his condom and looked back at the goddess laying across his desk with a tired but satisfied smile on her face.

"Give me a minute, I'll be out of your hair in no time. I just haven't come that hard in ages." She breathed out.

Hopper stood and buttoned his pants back up, walking towards her and lifting her up gently. He brought her back to the chair he sat in and cradled her against his chest while they both got their breathing under control again. He smiled when she started to nuzzle his neck and her breathing got slower as she started to get sleepy.

"Joyce, don't you have to get the boys?" Hop said, gently shaking her.

"Mm, yeah. You're just too comfy." She mumbled under her breath, making him laugh.

"C'mon, up you go." He hoisted her to her feet and they both got dressed again. He was buttoning up his uniform when she walked over and helped him with it.

"So, what now?" She asked timidly, as if they hadn't just got done fucking each other.

Hopper smiled and leaned down to kiss her again. She kissed him back and wrapped her arms around his torso. "Well, I know I probably should've taken you out to dinner in the first place but how about we try that tomorrow night instead?" He reached to tuck a lock of hair behind her ear.

"How about my house? Will's going over to his friend's house and Jonathan is hanging out with that Nancy Wheeler again so we'll have the place to ourselves." Joyce said, leaning into his touch.

"I'll be there." Hop said and Joyce started to walk towards the door.

She paused before opening it and turned back around to him, "I meant what I said earlier. You really are the greatest man in the world to me...you always have been." She gave a little smile and left



his office, leaving Hopper standing there.

"And I've never stopped loving you, Joyce Byers." He said to the empty room.